A New State Picture.

July. 1731.

Do not me Wrong, but take me Right,
For at lenght, will *Robin* bite.

Ha ha ha! poor Caleb!

BRITONS behold! your petty Tyrant here,
Observe his honest Face, Observe his sneer,
Observe that *Hand*, which do's the *Patriot* hold,
That Hand by which we've oft' been bought & sold:
Sold Once to oft', as sure the Traitor'll find,
When e'er *Vienna* Treaties come in Mind.
Now Breaks the Threat'ning Storm which o're this [State,
Has long impending Hung and big with Fate,
Dawns each ill-fortun'd Day, whilst o're each Face,
The Fear of Conquest, Shews a dire Disgrace!
And are we then afraid? are we defy'd?
Whilst o're the Sea, our Fleets Tryumphant ride?
Fleets that e'er while, to India's utmost Shore,
Were us'd to dread, our Thund'ring Cannons Roar.
And do they dread no more? whence comes this fear?
What saucy *Gaul*, dares near our Coasts appear?
Is *Russel*, or Sr. *Cloudesly* then forgot?
May not *la Hogue* be once again their Lot?
Are we to *Spithead* Expeditions bound?
Such blest'd Exploits, which to our Fame rebound?
No, Thanks to Heav'n, those Happy Days draw near,
When Honest Men shall at the Throne have Ear.
Then Thou Shalt be unmask'd and Britain Reign,
'Spight of the *French*, and *Spaniards* o're the Main.
Curs'd be Thou plunderer of this B-t-h Isle,
Whilst all Men weep must thou a'one go smile?
Yes, so thou shalt, but when thou dost go Swing,
Dearly thou'lt buy thy purchased *Blew String*.

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